

THE

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ADDRESS,

A

New BALLAD.

Tune of, *Ye Commons and Peers, &c.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Smith, near the Royal-Exchange.
1727. Price Four Pence.



The Privileges to have

An Address to Sir

To the Right Honourable Mr. M^r Pitt's Refe

New BALLAD.

Tune of, *Te Commons and Peers, &c.*

BELIEVE us, dread Sir;
We come Whip and Spur,

To bring You a flaming Address:

With fiery Hotness,

Your Borough of Totnes

Their Zeal for your Honour express.

(4)

(2.)

First then, we beg Leave,
And earnestly crave,
To shew You how much we detest
The Projects so vain
Of Philip of Spain,
To disturb Your good Majesty's Rest.

(2.)

This Philip, it seems,
Is forming of Schemes,
Which all the round World will surprize,
With Views to oppress,
And sorely distress
The best of his Quondam Allies.

(5)

But alas! 'tis in vain
For Armada's of *Spain*,
To think they can frighten us *Britons*:
For what can we dread,
When You're at the Head,
And *Bob* at the Tail of the Great Ones?

(5.)

Your Protestant Zeal
For our Commonweal,
Is such, that You stick at no Pains:
Your M---st-y too,
They all are *True Blue*,
Such Blessings are not in all Reigns.

(6.)

Our County, we ween,
Gave Birth to Two Men,

Great Churchill! and renowned Drake!

Whose Names still, we trust,

Tho' they're laid in Dust,

Make Spain and the Empire to quake.

What tho' they are dead,

Three Men we have bred,

Who equal those Heroes in Fame :

Their Courage so great

Your Foes will defeat,

And all Your proud Enemies tame.

Still Hoyer we have,

And Wager the brave,

At Sea they Jack Spaniard will jirk :

Whilst Wills, on dry Land,

Your Troops shall command,

And your Faith-breaking Enemies firk.

Four Shillings *per Pound*

We'll pay for our Ground,

If any we have to be seen :

If that's not enough,

We'll strip into Buff,

And give you the other Sixteen.

Should *Pretender* come in,

We'll die like brave Men,

And each in Piece-meal will be tore,

Not one he shall find

Alive left behind,

To exercise Tyranny o'er.

Full late may you go

From Your Crown here below,

To Heaven, for ever to wear

A Diadem bright,

As a Star in the Night,

And larger than any by far.

May we never want one,

Like You, or Your Son,

To sit on the Throne of this Realm:

Thrice happy they'll be,

To live for to see

Such Princely Folks govern the same.

F I N I S.